

A N 11643 f

EVENING THOUGHT.



*Heu pietas! Heu prisca fides! Virg.
Qui coler albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo. Ov.*

L O N D O N,

Printed and Sold by J. Roberts. at the Oxford.
Arms in Warwick-lane. 1715. Price 4 d.

THE EVENING THOUGHT.



How bright! How bright! How bright!
 On color alone stand, and of contentment rise. O.

LONDON.
 Printed and Sold by J. Roberts at the Oxford
 Street in Warwick Lane. 1792. Price 4s.



TO THE
Right Honourable
THE
EARL of Carnarvon.

SIR,

SINCE Satyr, of all kinds of Poetry, is the least favour'd, and the most beneficial, because it puts Man upon Reflection, and recalling of his past Transactions to present View, what the Libertine would avoid, and only the reserv'd Practice: The greater part

Dedication.

being those of the former Species, who finding themselves within the Lash, grow resty and condemn to eternal Oblivion the Pretensions of a Corrector, I humbly implore Your Lordships Favour, under whose Patrociny the most Insolent will be timorous to Censure without great cause; and the first Thoughts of a Virgin Muse be a living Branch that produces, tho' a mean Flavour, wholesome Fruit. I can't but observe, Sir, that in the midst of Plenty, and extraordinary Grandeur Your Lordships Mind continues free from the customs of Courtiers, where is too frequent to be seen, Riches productive of the greatest freedoms, and Virtue truckling to the most licentious Desires, where once to those that have got the better of a bad Character,

Dedication.

rather, don't care to dissemble a good one (as an ingenious Writer says) and transact in Publick what, in the most justifiable Use, ought only to be done in Private. As Your Lordship is correct in this, so are Your Actions no less a Pattern of Hospitality, whom I could wish, others would as much emulate as I admire, by following Your Example Britain would be restor'd to its pristine Nobility, and those who are only Magnanimous in shew, and Parsimonious in Expence, Great but to Themselves and Niggards, to the Publick be either surely re-form'd, or at least sham'd into Generosity. I know not to Apologize for this Freedom in Dedicating so mean a Piece, to so deserving a Patron; but being assur'd of Your
excellent

Dedication.

excellent Temper, and most indulgent Disposition, I presume on that Goodness, to offer what in reality is deficient, to be made up in Design, and as there is no one that has a greater Veneration for Your Lordship, neither is there any that wou'd be more Ambitious of the Honour, and more ready to serve Your Lordship to the utmost of his Capacity than, my Lord,

Your Lordship's

most Obedient,

most Humble and

most Devoted Servant



WHEN Evening Shades invite to
open Fields,
The gentle Wind, a sweet refreshment yields,
The smiling Meads, o'erlook'd by verdant Trees,
Unartful plac'd, yet rising by degrees
In Semi-globes, their nodding Tops bestow
A soft Salute, and to each other bow.
Pleas'd with the Sight, the goodly Prospect leads,
The willing Foot, unmindful where it treads.
At length, deluded to its Summit; see
Birds, Beasts, and Nature, in their first Degree.
The neat-look'd Fawn, regardless of her Food,
Erects her Ears, seems as she understood
Her Beauty caus'd my Admiration shown;
Then walks superbe, conceited, and alone.
The Philomels harmonious Notes display,
And ligament the Ear, till close of Day.
Then

Then from their swell'd but most seraphick Note,
 Decline in breaks, and lessens till forgot;
 Thus chang'd the Sylvian by the daily Beam,
 Descending from the Hill, I seek the Stream;
 There view the glitt'ring Curls uplifted by the
 Wood,
 Thrown in by chance, or borrow'd by the Floud.
 What smooth composures, from irreg'lar heights,
 What calm Progressions in the Mouth of Streights,
 See Fishes up the rapid Current go,
 Swift as an Arrow from the Scythian Bow.
 Behold the laden Trees, with Fruit depress'd
 As perfect in the Water, and as richly dress'd.

When I had wander'd o'er the pleasant Ground,
 Tho' not my Sense, my Legs fatigu'd had found,
 I backward turn'd, and spoke, good Night fair Ouze,
 Then homeward tend, and to my soft Repose;
 I shou'd have thought myself secure from Dream,
 When I came pleas'd and tir'd from the Stream;
 But

But such a Landskip to my mind appear'd,
 That startl'd Nature, and to be abhorr'd:
 High on some rising Hill I seem'd to stand,
 Which had in view, all subterlunian Land,
 Each separate Empire to my Sight display'd,
 Who Common-wealths, and who one Lord obey'd.
 What Laws, or one, or by a diff'rent Scheme,
 Or as the Climates vary'd following them,
 Was not reveal'd. But Fundamentals shewn,
 By Holy Writ for many Ages known.
 One King Supreme, one God Eternal be
 Three Persons, a religious Mystery.
 Unfolded Leaves disclosing to my view
 Apostles Preaching, what the Prophets knew.
 Some pristine ceremonious Laws repeal'd,
 Which then but figur'd, what was now reveal'd
 The rest, as when from Sinai's Top were brought
 Confirm'd, but with them greater Mercy Taught
 Much Patience, Suff'rings, how to bear abuse,
 And not for Remedy, returnings use.

B

Nay,

Nay, tho' a Brother shou'd offend thy Will
 To Seventy times, thou must forgive him still.
 Tho' great, as manifold the Injury
 Pardon's extensive, and as frequent be.
 The Column read, the Leaf itself turn'd o'er
 And shew'd an action fram'd not by the Rules
 before.

A curious Pile, whose lofty Towers rise
 To such Extent, they seem, to pierce the Skies,
 The Walls were Noble, fashion'd all with Stone,
 The Windows narrow, the Light obscurely shone;
 Thro' Imag'ry of Glass, such Shades did come,
 That added to the venerable doom,
 From Cedar Planks, the flagrant cov'ring hew'd,
 And rich in Sculpture, beautifully shew'd
 Such was the art; and such the Master's care,
 Each part's adapted, e'er 'twas center'd there.
 So that no Axe nor temper'd tool, was heard
 While this amasing Edifice was rear'd.
 Adjourn'd

Adjoyn'd to this a Porch, of such a Frame,
 That they who built the Temple, made the same.
 Nor House too glorious for the Work design'd,
 For Praise and Pray'rs, there were paid unkind.
 Each Morning Light them to Devotion there,
 Each Afternoon was clos'd with Ev'ning Pray'r,
 For Ages down continu'd so their Bliss,
 Till erring Minds misplac'd their Happiness.
 That what at first, the Wise Contriver fram'd,
 For holy Rights a sacred Temple nam'd,
 Thro' Lust of Avarice, became profan'd.
 The Scriveners, Misers, and the publick Cheats,
 Exchang'd their Mony, and profess'd Deceits.
 To these the Indigent, and Heir, run,
 Who are no sooner trusted, but undone :
 Then strait arose, tho' from an humble Birth
 Essence Divine, to purify the Earth.
 Of humane Form, but not of humane Fault,
 Forbid their Practice, and Repentance taught.

Preach'd Mercy, Goodness, Charity and Truth,
 Confutes the Learn'd, exhibits Rules to Youth,
 For their Eternal Happiness he came,
 To purchase Life, and save from endless Flame;
 Bids them forsake their Sins and follow him,
 Do but Repent, he'd blot out ev'ry Crime.
 But wanting Judgment they contemn his ways,
 And render railing, in return of Praise.
 Contrive and Plot, insidious Questions try,
 If from his Words, may be condemn'd to dye,
 But finding nought to tax him with a Crime,
 They wrest the Judgment bent to punish him:
 By Rabble and insulting Soldiers lead,
 With platted Thorns encompassing his Head;
 To Place appointed, where his upright Mind
 In bitter Agonies, his Life resign'd.
 Thick Clouds unite, collected from afar
 Obscure the Light and darken ev'ry Star;
 The rolling Thunder in tremend'ous Peals,
 Shews Wrath Divine, and Desolation tells.

Di-

Distraction, and Despair in ev'ry Face,
 And deep Contrition in it's turn takes place.
 Most Instrumental, most themselves upbraid,
 He, present hangs himself, who first betray'd
 The Cause of this unheard of Cruelty,
 Not instantaneous, but from one Degree,
 Advances to this monstrous Entity.
 When outward Man, the inward Mind assails,
 When worldly Care, o'er righteous Deeds prevails,
 Busi'd with the Times, too careless of himself,
 Deserts Devotion, and lists under Pelf.
 Sin enter'd once, no sooner gains its ground,
 But others follow, and beset her round.
 Like Seas the Waves, so swift the first pursue,
 That e'er she dies is pester'd by the new.
 Tho' frailties post to endless Error hast,
 And gain, Damnation to ourselves at last.
 The Doom thus fixt, all future hope is vain,
 Of ending Torment ; sure of endless Pain.

Oh wretched Being! Oh too hapless State!
 That by Duration's more unfortunate,
 Was there a time, when Miseries shou'd cease,
 And after Tortures to return to Ease,
 'Twou'd then some Comfort to our suff'rings give,
 To know an end, that we again shou'd live.
 But oh! Death the Reward for Sin is sent,
 Just, tho' intolerable Punishment;
 That kills the Body but destroys the Soul,
 In ever Burnings, yet is ever whole;
 So that when Ages shall have past away,
 And Flames, as from a Lamp, have burnt each
 Day;

Such nitrous Substance in the Ashes lies,
 That Burning perpetrates, and never dies.
 Within a reverend Arm, encircl'd lies,
 One whilst on Earth, depress'd with Miseries,
 He knew no Comfort by a cleanly Food,
 Or tasted ought, that was of worldly good.

An

An humble Suppliant, at the great Man's Door,
 For Scraps that feed the Dogs; he fought no more.
 Nor cou'd his little Suit success obtain,
 For Poor, despis'd, and Beasts preferr'd to Man.
 The Saint-like Wretch, to homely Hut repairs,
 And offers up to Heav'n his hearty Pray'rs,
 Or ease his Wants, or take him from his Pains,
 Not of his treatment, but himself, complains.
 Unhappy Wretch, unworthy of Eternal Bliss,
 Deserving that, scarce knows to hope for this.
 Still persevering to his utmost Breath,
 In Heav'n's Mercy, resigns himself to Death.
 Here ends his Wants, and all his Sorrows cease,
 And Angels waft him, on their Wings to Peace:
 The Rich Man dies; and forc'd to leave his Store,
 Is now become; as was the lowly Suppliant Poor.
 Nor heighten Meats regale his costly Board;
 Nor needs he Food, but Favour with the Lord.
 Infernal Fiends, their dusky Pinions rear,
 And fly, dispersing Darkness thro' the Air;
Cold

Cold Dews, and loathsome Stench of Brimstone
bring

On ev'ry grissled Hair, and forket Wing.

All seize at once, then tincture 'em with a Spell,

Instead of mounting, drag him down to Hell;

There scalding Lead distills upon his Tongue,

And ev'ry Imp fresh Tortures round him throng,

One burning Tinder to each Hand applies,

The next throws kindl'd Rosin in his Eyes

With glooming Irons penetrate his Toes,

Then scorch his Back and pickle it with ouze.

With shocking Groans, the helpless Wretch com-
plains,

Affur'd of time, not hopes an end of Pains.

Then looking up beholds the Poor Man's State,

Who once beneath his Feet entreating fate.

Hears Quoirs of Angels Hallalujah's sing,

And sees the Suppliant greater than a King;

O hapless Wretch, since this the Place is giv'n,

For those, who not deserving, shut from Heav'n!
Here

Here clos'd the Book, and from an opening Sky
 Appear'd the Throne of Heaven's Majesty;
 From thence descending in a perfect Line,
 Came Humane Form, but with a Voice Divine:
 In Words (surprising to my Sense) began,
 Of Mercy, Goodness, Charity, and Man.
 When past the several Attributes of Fate,
 Then next of Man, and of his present State;
 'Twas not Necessity that made Mankind,
 But the Benevolence of a godly Mind;
 Had he who fram'd him, wanted for his Use,
 He cou'd, what wou'd have fitted best produce,
 A Race, that wou'd his strictest Rules obey,
 That durst not err, if once prescrib'd the way.
 Nor adds it to the Pow'r he had before;
 Yet shews his Love, extends his goodness more.
 Nor will his greatness, need of ought require.
 He speaks the Word, and perfects his desire.
 Of every Being, Fishes, Birds, and Beasts,
 The Humane Race's Superior to the rest;
 C They

They only Worldly Satisfactions meet,
 He those enjoys ; and if deserving it
 The happy Mansion where Eternal Bliss
 Will never cease, but in Perfection is :
 If creeping Animals their Homage pay,
 Sure Man's more bound in Reason to obey :
 Here paus'd the Angel, and with high concern,
 I come to seek, what I most dread to learn.
 My Journey to this Lower World I take,
 To see if Man, these Rules his Practice make.
 Here in a Moment by his artful Clue,
 Things past and present, were transpos'd to view,
 At first an Eastern Court to sight appear'd,
 Where base Ingrates, * & Turks were better heard,
 Jews, Infidels, and Deists throng the Throne,
 And nought that's good but *Mahomet* alone.
 Nor cou'd his Virtue so prevailing be,
 That they attempt the good in him they see.

* VI. the 1 Vol. of the Abridgment of the History of the
 Turks, fol. 3. 4.

They only Knowledge can thro' instinct find,
 He Reason has implanted in the Mind.
 Beneath his Wing, as by a close set Skreen
 Obvious to all, but to their Lord unseen.
 They play their pranks, and thus the Scenes begin,
 The Adulter sooths his Neighbours Wife to Sin,
 The Brother clasps his Sister in his Arms,
 And gluts his Fancy with unnatural Charms,
 Prodigious Hill ! that Nature who first made
 Those soft Desires, shou'd Nature's self invade,
 This boundless Liberty, this lawless Lust,
 Make Kings uneasy, and their Subjects curst,
 Promiscuous Love is lavish of Expence,
 It adds profuseness, to supply for Sense.
 Intestine Broils, arose then by Dispute,
 Oft both are ruin'd, e'er either can confute;
 Envenom'd Blood lies rancouring in the Veins
 Disturbs the Mind, and that effects the Brains,
 So in vast Shoals distracted Mankind run,
 To break their Neighbours, are themselves undone,
 C 2 We'll

We'll shift the Scene; see what we here can find,
Devouring Monsters, of a diff'rent kind!

Great Visers who have long in Consult fate,
The seeming Props, but Pelf'ers of the State,

Behold Dependants with assiduous care

Wait e'ry Motion, what their Pleasures are,

Nor dare to think offending to their Ear,

Yet see, others who've more Experience
known,

Approach more boldly not on worth alone,

But sterling merit with them wisely bring,

That buys the Courtier, he e'er sways the King.

Intolerable case! shall long the Axis hold,

When worthless Men are rated by their Gold?

From this unhallow'd Place, let us remove,

And see if Traders shall more upright prove.

Big with themselves the formal upstarts stalk,

And as their mein, conceited in their talk.

Produce you Goods, trick'd up for Price and shew,

If buying cheated, yet the Faults in you,

Are

Are 'nt you a Judge, of what is good or bad,
 And as the Goods, as well the Value had?
 What wou'd you further Sir? or whose too
 blame?

Your buying Cheap, my selling Dear's the same.
 You'd beat my Traffick to the low'st degree,
 Knowing your Want, I'll time Necessity.

So are the meanest forward as the great
 To sacrifice to Gold, and fond to cheat,
 As tho' the reverence, to that Idol pay'd
 Contentment here, and future Blessing inade.

O hapless Man! how far degenerate,
 From what design'd, and what thy pristine State,
 When form'd with boundless Liberty to chuse,
 Or good or bad; and why that Choice abuse?

Was thou restrain'd, and to the first confin'd,
 Where then had been the Virtue of thy Mind.
 For if from Destiny thy Actions were,
 Couldst thou be said to merit, or to err?

No

No wretched Man; not tax on Heav'n the Vice,
But justly fix it, on thy Avarice,
The glitt'ring Mammon leads thy Sense astray,
And changes to Eternal Night, the Day.
Hence, hence, thou Virtue to the rural Seat,
Where rustick Swains their faithful Partners
meet,
Where simple Nature in its early dress,
Appears unspotted, in Perfection is.
Where Vows are sacred, Avarice unknown,
And Wife and Husband to themselves alone,
Where Brothers dare not smiling Sisters sue,
But all is happiness, and harmless too.
Where humble thoughts advance return in ease,
Nor wide Ambition, but to better please,
Where Pow'r and Profit unregarded seem,
And he who merits most, has most Esteem;
Know then of humane Form, if good thy care,
Thou needs but speak thy Wants in earnest Pray'r,
Thy

Thy Grief's redress'd. But if thou Vice pursue,
 Each Act thy Saviour Crucifies anew.
 And as of unrelenting Jews thou'lt read,
 Beware, their Doom thou draw'st not thy Head,
 Hence upwards to terrestrial Realms I go,
 And Man repenting I'll Petition too,
 Nor let these piteous Souls expect to know,
 Or Peace, or Plenty, till they Sin forego.
 Here ends the Minister of Heav'n's Decree;
 How gracious it, but how ungrateful we.
 Lab'ring beneath the Thoughts already past,
 My struggling Mind, shook Slumber off at last,
 I round me look'd, but found no Angel there,
 Then started up, and to a contrite Pray'r.

F I N I S.

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